Baſt. No my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of *Kent*, remember him heereafter as my honourable friend.

Baſt. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Glo. He hath beene out nine yeares, and away he ſhall again, the King is comming.

Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.

Lear. Attend my Lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gloſter*.

Gloſt. I ſhall my Liege.

Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes,
The Map there; know we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſſe of our ſtate,
Confirming them on younger yeares,
The two great Princes, *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our youngeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And here are to be anſwer'd; tell me my daughters,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,
Where merit doth moſt challenge it:
Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt.

Gon. Sir, I do loue you more then words can wield the matter,
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace, or liberty,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much a childe ere loued, or father friend,
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* do, loue and be ſilent.

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, euen from this line to this,
With ſhady Forreſts, and wide skirted Meads,
We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albanies* iſſue,

Be this perpetuall. What ſaies our ſecond da
Our deereſt *Regan*, wife to *Cornwall*, ſpeake.

Reg. Sir I am made of the ſelfe-ſame met
And prize me at her worth in my true heart
I finde ſhe names my very deed of loue, one
That I profeſſe my ſelfe an enemy to all oth
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſence p
And finde I am alone felicitate in your deer

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*, and yet not ſo,
My loue's more richer then my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary euer
Remaine this ample third of our faire king
No leſſe in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Then that confirm'd on *Gonorill*; but now
Although the laſt, not leaſt in our deere lou
What can you ſay to win a third, more opul
Then your ſiſters.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. How, nothing can come of nothin

Cor. Vnhappy that I am, I cannot hea
mouth, I loue your Maieſty according to
nor leſſe.

Lear. Go too, go too, mend your ſpeech a
Leaſt it may marre your fortunes.

Cord. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, loued me,
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit
Obey you, loue you, and moſt honour you,
Why haue my ſiſters husbands, if they ſay
Haply when I ſhall wed, that Lord whoſe
Muſt take my plight, ſhall carry halfe my l
Halfe my care and duty, ſure I ſhall neuer
Marry like my ſiſters, to loue my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. I good my Lord.

Lear. So young and ſo vntender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.